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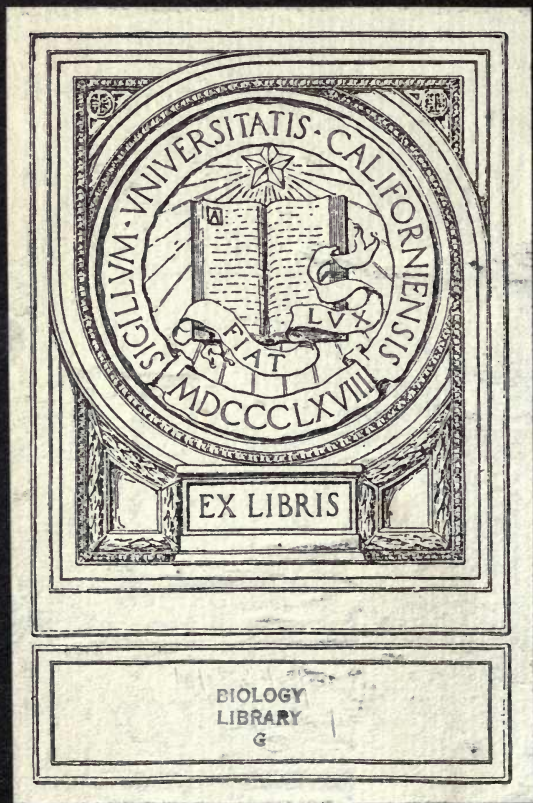
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# ROSY CHEEKS *and* STRONG HEART



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# The Story of Rosy Cheeks *and* Strong Heart

(A Health Reader for the Third Grade)

By

J. MACE ADDRESS, PH.D.

Division of School Hygiene, U. S. Bureau of Education; Associate Director, Child Health Organization of America; Head of Department of Psychology and Child Study, Boston Normal School; Author of "Teaching Hygiene in the Grades," "Health Education in the Rural Schools," etc.

and

ANNIE TURNER ADDRESS

Formerly Head of the Kindergarten Department  
State Normal School, Worcester, Mass.

Illustrated by

DOROTHY WHITMORE

Health in Education



Education in Health

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## A Friendly Fairy Visits Mary Ann

ONCE upon a time there lived a little girl named Mary Ann who did not believe in fairies. "I have never seen one," she said, "so why should I believe in them?"

One night she awoke from a deep sleep. Her room was filled with light, and, bending over her, was a dainty little lady with rosy cheeks and very red lips.

"Who are you?" asked Mary Ann.

In a soft, sweet voice came the answer: "I am one of the fairies who love little children."

"But I never saw you before."

"Well," said the fairy, "you never left your window open before so I could come in."

"Why, so I didn't," said Mary, looking at the open window, "but do you need to come in through the window? My brother Jack says fairies can go any place and do many wonderful things."

"Some of them can," said the pretty fairy as she kissed her gently on the cheek, "but I fly through the open window, for I live out-of-doors. I have no house like

this. I live under the great blue sky with the sunshine, the butterflies, and the stars.”

“Oh,” said Mary, “how can anybody live out-of-doors all the time?” And she shivered.

“Perhaps that’s because you do not know enough about the out-of-doors. When you visit your friends or go to school you usually ride in a closed-in car, and if you do walk, you seldom linger to romp with the children or listen to what the birds and bees want to tell you.”

“Perhaps that’s so,” said Mary Ann. “Mother and my teacher have said so before, but I didn’t think much about it. But tell me,” she asked shyly, “are you like the fairies that I have read about and that Brother Jack talks about? Do you have gifts for children?”

“Indeed, I do,” replied the fairy.

“Oh, perhaps you have gold watches and bracelets and big dolls that open and shut their eyes?”

Just then Mary saw both herself and the fairy in the mirror. How pretty the little lady was. Her cheeks were delicately pink, like those beautiful roses in grandma’s garden, and her lips were like deep-red peonies. And there was Mary Ann with a very white face and pale lips and ears.





*“You have never left your window open before so I could come in”*



“Oh, dear, no,” said Mary Ann, anxiously. “I don’t want a doll or bracelet after all. I just want to be like you; to be pretty and have red lips and rosy cheeks. How happy mamma would be.”

“I am so glad,” said the fairy, “that you have chosen so wisely. If you will open your windows at night and play often in the open air I will help you to get just what you want. Would you like to go with me for a little while?” she asked, taking Mary Ann by the hand and glancing through the open window. Then seeing the little look of fear on Mary Ann’s face, she added: “I will bring you back safely in time for breakfast.”

And then they sailed out through the open window, lighted on their way by the star on the fairy’s cap. It was the hour of midnight; the stars blinked brightly at them from the inky-blue. Mary Ann’s house quickly disappeared, and soon they were high up in the sky. Mary began to feel a little afraid, but when she looked up into the fairy’s face she forgot it all, and felt very happy.

And as they flew farther and farther on, Mary Ann began to wonder what the fairy’s name was. “Do fairies have names?” she asked gently.

“Oh, yes,” said the fairy. “When I move along fast like this people sometimes call me the Wind.”

They were then flying above a field of grain, and as the fairy put out her hand, the heads of wheat bowed to her like fair ladies at a ball. As they passed on through the trees the leaves whispered and the knot-hole in the oak tree whistled.

Just over the pointed pines of a hill they saw a little brick house. All was quiet as they stepped lightly on a window-sill and put their faces to the window-panes to look within. The star on the fairy’s cap made the room look bright as day. On the bed was a little girl asleep, although now and then she moved about and talked to herself as if she were not resting well. She had a dear sweet face, but looked very pale. “Why,” said Mary Ann, “that’s Helen Turner. She goes to school with me. How white she looks.”

“Yes,” said the fairy sadly. “I come to the window every night with my gifts, but the windows are always closed tightly, and she seldom comes out-of-doors to see me.”

“I will tell her,” said Mary Ann. “Perhaps she will open her window then.”

Hand in hand they floated off over the roof very near the chimney. Mary Ann coughed a little because she

breathed in some of the smoke, and she gave a little cry of fear as a spark sped along close to her face, but the friendly fairy saw that no harm came to her. Up, up they went above a grove of pointed pines toward a quaint little white house which looked like a dot, it was so very far below them. As they came nearer they saw that the windows up-stairs were open, for the draperies were blowing out.

“We will fly straight in,” said the fairy, and so they did and landed right on the foot of the bed. What a pretty room it was! Everything was neat, clean, and in place. But Mary Ann and the fairy did not notice the room very much, for in one corner of the room was a crib with a rosy-cheeked baby boy who was fast asleep. In another corner, in a snowy-white bed, was one of the prettiest girls Mary Ann ever saw. She had hair as black as a raven’s wing and her lips and cheeks were as red as those of Mary’s doll.

“How soundly she sleeps and how lovely she looks,” said Mary Ann. Then, glancing first at the fairy and then at the little girl, she added, “And she looks like you.”

The fairy smiled. “She is one of my best friends. I visit her every night and in the daytime, too, for she loves to play out-of-doors.”

“Let’s not visit any more children who sleep with closed windows,” said Mary Ann.

“All right,” said the fairy. “I think you are getting sleepy, too, so home we’ll go.”

And taking her by the hand the fairy flew with her through the window, almost running into a bat who politely bowed to them as he flew quickly away. Up, up they went until the little white house was no longer in sight.

“Do you see the tents?” asked the fairy, pointing to the lines of white below. “That’s where the soldiers are camped. I visit them often, for they work, play, and sleep in the sunshine and under the stars. They are fine big fellows.”

“Please tell me,” asked Mary Ann as they flew on, “whether I can get red cheeks and lips like yours if I sleep with my windows open and play out-of-doors?”

“I can help you a great deal, but there are other fairies you need to know.”

Just then their feet touched the window-sill of Mary Ann’s room and they stepped inside.

The pretty fairy tucked her in bed.

“Will you come again?” asked Mary.

“Gladly, if you will let me.”

“Sometimes,” said Mary, “you say you are called the Wind, but what is your *real* name?”

“Look under your pillow in the morning when you wake up and you will know.” Then she kissed her on each cheek, gently stroked her on the forehead, whispered “Good night,” and was gone.

The next morning Mary Ann was awakened by her mother’s voice calling “Breakfast,” and “Hurry up, Mary Ann, or you will be late for school.”

She scrambled out of bed and rubbed her eyes. She did not know where she was for a minute, but soon she remembered the fairy. “Did I dream?” she asked. “Where is the fairy now?” Then she remembered what the fairy had said about looking under her pillow. Quickly she turned over the pillow. There it was—a tiny white envelope. With eager fingers she opened it and this is what she read:

“I am Fairy Fresh Air  
And I love you,  
So open your window  
And let me come through.”

How eagerly Jack listened to Mary Ann’s story the next morning. “There,” he said, “didn’t I tell you there were real fairies?”

## A Strange Letter

“I WISH I could beat the other boys at play,” said Jack to Mary Ann at breakfast one morning. “Do you know, we had a race at school yesterday; every one of the boys in our room came in ahead of me. I did my best, but I was way behind, puffing and panting like a tired dog.”

“No, thank you,” said Jack as his mother offered him a dish of oatmeal. “I don’t like oatmeal, but I would like a cup of coffee.”

“I am real sorry,” said Mary Ann, thoughtfully, “that you can’t play as well as the rest of the boys. I must think hard. Perhaps I may help you. Ah, I have it!” she said, clapping her hands. “Let’s write a letter to Fairy Fresh Air. I know she would be glad to help us out.”

“I hadn’t thought of that,” exclaimed Jack.

“You will be late for school, children, if you don’t hurry,” broke in their mother.

“Well, we can write it this afternoon,” Mary whispered to her brother.

If you had lived near Jack’s and Mary Ann’s house, late



*Let's write a letter to  
Fairy Fresh Air."*





that afternoon you would have seen them stealing out under the great maple tree in their back yard with paper and pencil in their hands. This is what they wrote:

“DEAR FAIRY FRESH AIR:

“We are in great trouble and we wonder whether you can and will help us. All the boys in Jack’s room beat him in running and in all the games at school. Jack would not care so much if they didn’t laugh at him. He sometimes wishes that he never had to go to school again. Please, Fairy Fresh Air, tell us what we can do.

“MARY ANN and JACK.”

That night, as the stars were blinking, Jack and Mary Ann got ready for bed. But before they said their prayers they crept slyly out into the garden and tucked a tiny envelope into a beautiful red tulip that was beginning to close up for the night.

“I hope we will get an answer by morning,” they whispered as they looked out of their open window down into the garden where the moonbeams played over the fountain and the drowsy flowers.

Jack was the first to awake the next morning. He quickly dressed himself and ran to Mary Ann’s door. He

gently pounded on the door and whispered, "Do wake up, Mary Ann. It's morning and we must go to see if the Fresh Air Fairy has really left us a letter."

Very soon Mary Ann was ready and they went downstairs carefully, because father and mother were not yet awake. It was a beautiful morning. The big red sun was just peeping above the hills and the dew sparkled like diamonds on the grass and flowers. But they saw little of the beauty of the morning as they dashed on toward the tulip bed.

"It's in the big red tulip," said Mary Ann. And there it was, a dainty little note in a tiny envelope.

How quickly they opened it! This is what they read:

"DEAR CHILDREN:

"I was so happy to get your letter, but sorry to hear that Jack was in trouble. Of course I can help you. It was so nice of you to ask me. Wake up to-morrow morning at four o'clock and look out of the kitchen window toward the back piazza. Wait, listen, and look and you will see and hear things that will surprise you. Write to me again.

"Lovingly,

"FAIRY FRESH AIR."

## The Surprise

“WHAT do you suppose it means?” asked Jack, after they had read the fairy’s letter.

“I am sure I don’t know,” replied his sister. “It does seem to be a queer thing to do, but the dear little fairy is so nice that she would not ask us to get up so early in the morning and watch in the kitchen unless it would help us.”

“I think you are right, Mary Ann. At least, it’s worth trying, for I must win some of the races at school.”

Father and mother must not know what they were thinking of doing. If they were caught getting up so early in the morning they would quickly be sent back to bed. Before they went to sleep everything was planned.

Mary set the alarm for four o’clock and put the clock under her pillow. It was a long time before she went to sleep, because she was wondering what the surprise would be that the Fresh Air Fairy told them to expect. At last her eyes grew heavy and soon she was fast asleep.

“Ting-a-ling! a-ling! a-ling! a-ling! a-ling!” Mary awoke with a start and pressed the pillow down hard on the clock



The next morning they ate all their  
oatmeal and drank their milk.



so the alarm could not be heard. Finally the bell stopped ringing. Mary Ann tiptoed across the hall to Jack's room. Soon they were on their way down-stairs. The house seemed so big and quiet. It was still dark and they felt a little afraid. "Scratch, scratch, scratch!" They almost fell down-stairs and their little hearts went pit-a-pat until they guessed that it must have been a mouse.

"Oh! that scared me," said Mary Ann as she huddled close to Jack and squeezed his hand.

Now they were in the kitchen. Mother's big white apron almost made them cry out. At first they thought it was a ghost. Father's coat on the nail back of the door looked like some strange man. At last they found their way to the window and looked out into the back yard.

Jack and Mary Ann waited and waited. The little clock on the kitchen shelf spoke, "Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock." How silent everything was! Would the surprise never come?

"Ah, what was that?" whispered Jack. They heard voices outside the open window, and what do you suppose they saw? The milk bottles were walking around and talking to each other.

“Sh-sh-sh!” said Jack. “Listen or we shall scare them away.”

“Do you know who lives here?” asked one of the voices.

“Yes,” replied another. “Mary Ann, who is a very pale little girl, and a delicate boy called Jack.”

“They are not friends of ours,” spoke a third voice. “They will have nothing to do with us or our good partner Oatmeal who sits at their breakfast table every morning.”

The first milk bottle chimed in with, “I am sorry to say you are right, but what a pity. Charles, who lives on the next street, is very fond of us. You remember him. Partly through our help he wins in the school races and games nearly every day.”

Jack gritted his teeth.

“Yes,” said another, “and Helen, who lives down by the pine grove, is such a pretty girl, with such nice red cheeks. She is our friend, too.”

Mary Ann sighed.

The same voice went on: “I am very glad to have such fine friends as Charlie and Helen. It makes me want to dance and sing.” So they took hold of hands and waltzed down the steps, up to the garden gate, along the picket fence, through the flower bed and back to the piazza.

“I think Jack and Mary will soon learn to be our friends,” said one of the bottles as they paused to catch their breath.

“Bing! Bang! Rattle! Rattle!” went the pots and pans on the kitchen shelf. Jack and Mary jumped and the milk bottles cried out in alarm.

What was it that jumped from the kitchen shelf to the table in front of the window? Why, first it was the Coffee-pot and then the Teapot. The Coffee-pot was black with rage and the Teapot was green with envy. They shook their fists at the milk bottles, stamped their feet, made up awful faces, and shouted: “Jack and Mary Ann are our friends. You shan’t have them for your friends. No! No!! No!!!”

Just then Jack and Mary Ann heard a step on the back stairs. It was mother coming down to get breakfast, so they scampered off up the front stairs to lie in bed until they were called.

That morning at breakfast both Jack and Mary Ann ate all their oatmeal and drank their milk without saying a word. Was it their fancy, or did the oatmeal dish and milk pitcher smile pleasantly while the coffee-pot frowned and looked ugly? And did the milk pitcher really gurgle with laughter as Jack poured out the milk on his oatmeal? Do you know? I think you do.

## The Fairies' Party

**J**ACK and Mary Ann were on their way home from school. "Do you know?" said Jack, "I am beginning to feel much stronger since I began to be more friendly with Oatmeal and Milk. See!" And he ran and jumped across the brook with a shout.

"We had another race in our grade to-day," he went on, "and I wasn't the last. I beat Frank and Howard. I think they are quite friendly with Coffee and Tea. But," he added, "I am not getting along fast enough. What can we do?"

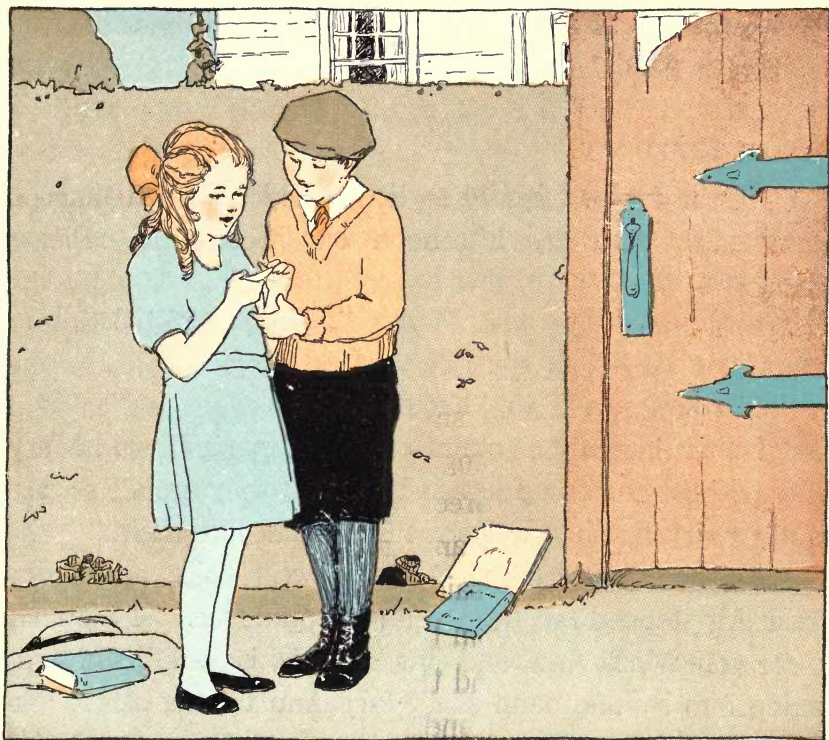
"Why can't we ask our little friend, Fairy Fresh Air? She always helps us out," said Mary Ann, whose face was now getting more round and pink every day.

"Good," replied Jack. "Let's ask her."

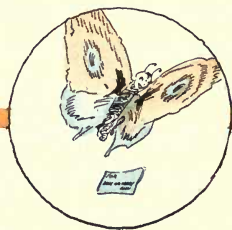
Just as they reached the front gate a golden butterfly floating near dropped a tiny green envelope down in front of them. On it was written: "For Jack and Mary Ann."

Mary was the first to get it. "Hurrah!" she cried. "It's a party."





*"Hurrah! It's a party."*



“A party? What do you mean?” asked Jack.  
This is what the letter said:

“DEAR CHILDREN:

“All the fairies friendly to little children are to have a party next Saturday afternoon on Green Hill. Please come.

“FAIRY FRESH AIR.”

“Of course, we’ll go,” shouted Jack.

“Isn’t it nice to be going to a fairies’ party?” said Mary Ann as they started up Green Hill. “If they are all as nice as my Fairy Fresh Air, I am sure I shall like them.”

“Ah, here you are!” said a soft sweet voice, and Fairy Fresh Air stepped out from behind a pine tree. “I am glad to see you, Mary Ann, and this, I know, is Jack,” she said, taking him by one hand and Mary Ann by the other. So they climbed the hill. As they went on, Fairy Fresh Air told them about the knights whom they would soon meet.

Suddenly there was a click like the snap of a gun and a voice rang out:

“Stop! Who goes there?”

“It’s I, Fairy Fresh Air, and two little friends.”

Looking up, the children saw a soldier-like knight standing on a rock, gun in hand. His armor was pure white, as clean as newly fallen snow. They knew it must be Sir Cleanliness.

A little later they were stopped again, this time by a very bright light which was so strong that for awhile they could not see. In the midst of this great brightness stood another knight wearing a suit of gold. Everything he had was of gold, even to his bow and arrows. This they knew must be Sir Sunshine.

The two knights came up to greet them, and as they came nearer Fairy Fresh Air turned to the children and said:

“These two knights I want you to know,  
They make children healthy wherever they go.”

After talking with them in a friendly way for a little while, Sir Cleanliness and Sir Sunshine turned to go back to their posts. They were to be the guards for the afternoon party.

‘Oh,’ cried Jack, pointing to Sir Sunshine, “what does he do with his bow and arrows?”

Just then a nut fell down from a tree almost hitting Jack on the head.

“Dig a hole for the nut and cover it up and we shall soon see,” spoke Fairy Fresh Air.

Then Sir Sunshine shot one golden arrow after another into the dirt where the nut was planted.

“I wish I could shoot as straight as that,” thought Jack.

What was that slowly rising from the ground? First one little green leaf and then another and another until the children saw a little tree, and as they watched, it grew bigger and bigger until it was a big tree and had so many leaves they could not see the sky.

“I never knew before that arrows made things grow,” said Mary Ann. “I thought they killed everything.”

“So do these golden arrows sometimes,” replied Fairy Fresh Air. “They often wound and kill those who harm little children. Is it not so, Sir Sunshine?”

“Yes,” was the answer; “before the day is over I may shoot to wound or even kill.”

“Good-by,” said Jack. “Some other time I want to see you shoot again.”

Farther up the hill went Fairy Fresh Air and the children.

“See, this is the place for the party,” said Fairy Fresh

Air, pointing to an open place on the side of the hill where some strange little people seemed to be playing.

Across the green came a little fat fellow with a smiling face like the full moon.

“Welcome to our party, children,” he began.

He had such a fat jolly face that Jack and Mary Ann began to smile, too.

“Mr. Happiness never forgets to come to our parties,” explained Fairy Fresh Air. “And here is the Vegetable family. Jack and Mary Ann, meet Miss Spinach, Miss Carrot, Miss Potato, and Miss Lettuce, and their brothers, Billy Beet, Tommy Onion, Teddy String Beans, Charlie Squash.”

“We are very glad to meet you,” they cried, with one voice, bowing to the children one by one.

“Who is that?” asked Jack, pointing to a big fellow with large muscles who seemed to be having a great deal of fun. He could climb a tree just as easily as a fly walks up a kitchen wall. Once Jack saw him hit a ball so hard that it went way up above the white clouds and never came back again.

“That,” said Fairy Fresh Air, “is Daddy Exercise. Children always like him and everybody calls him Daddy.”

Some of the other friendly fairies the children met were the Fruit family, with whom they fell deeply in love. Mary Ann thought that Miss Strawberry was the sweetest of all, but Jack lost his heart to Miss Orange. Then there was Auntie Toothbrush, who looked quite serious and scratchy, and Grandma Washcloth, who had very sharp eyes and was very curious. She looked closely at Jack's and Mary Ann's face and hands and seemed to be pleased. One of the most quiet and restful fairies was Dame Sleep.

Of course, Mr. Oatmeal and Mr. Milk Pitcher both were there with their nice smile, and everybody liked Mrs. Water Pitcher. Then there was tiny Miss Helpfulness, who, with the aid of Mr. Happiness, led Jack and Mary Ann to the snowy-white tablecloths spread under the oaks where they were to have the big dinner.

"I wonder," said Mary Ann, "whether Mr. Happiness and Miss Helpfulness are not thinking of getting married. they seem to like each other so much."

While they were chatting with the fairy folk there was a great noise, and stones began to fall around them like a shower of rain. Soon the knights Cleanliness and Sunshine came on the run, calling out:

“Quick, the Grimyjoes are coming!”

All along the hill the friendly fairies took up the cry:

“The Grimyjoes are coming!

Hark, I think I hear them running,

For a battle on the hill,

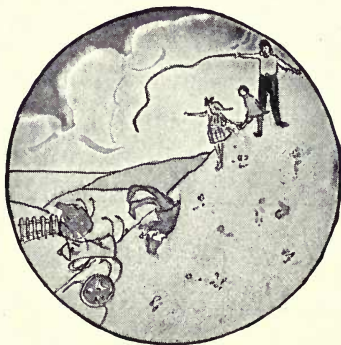
For a battle on the hill.

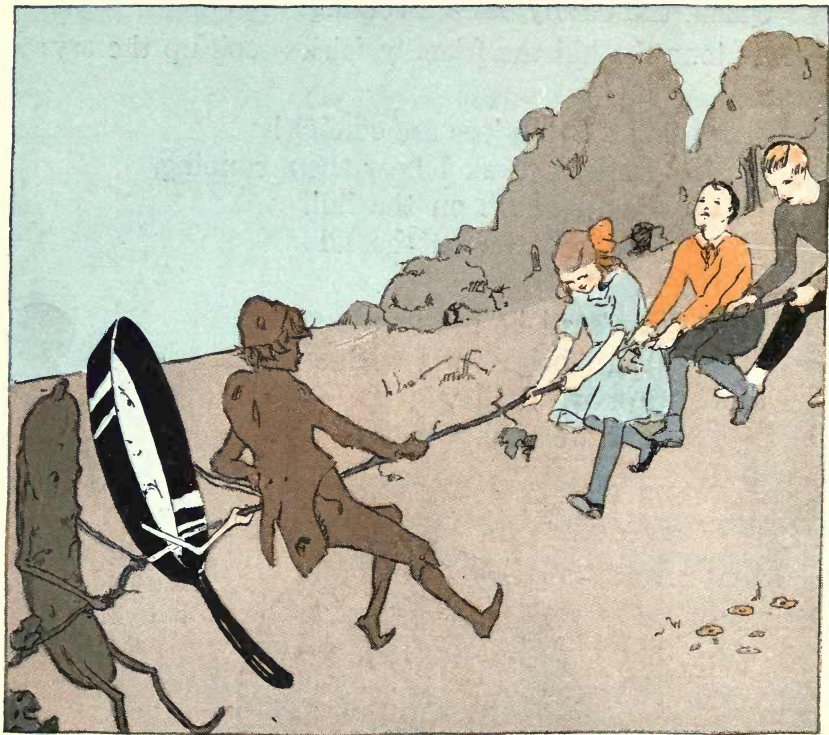
“Let’s all be in our places,

With bright and smiling faces,

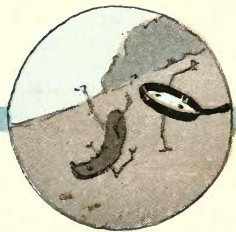
For we shall win the day,

For we shall win the day!”





*Now up the hill we go with  
the rascals”*





## The Battle on the Hill

**J**ACK had read in his story-books about battles. He had always wanted to see a real one, and now he was to have his wish.

Up the hill came the Grimyjobs. Some had knives and others had clubs and stones in their dirty hands. Their finger-nails were very long and black. Jack and Mary Ann had never seen so many wicked and cruel faces before. Mary shivered, and great big tears came into her eyes and began to chase each other down her cheeks.

“Ho! Ho!” laughed the little fat man called Mr. Happiness. “Don’t be afraid. We have had many a merry fight with them, and we always get the best of them.”

“I am not afraid,” said Jack stoutly, looking very pale but standing very straight.

Mary began to smile. She soon forgot her tears in watching what happened.

On and on came the Grimyjobs with their black and greasy faces. Miss Cleanliness pointed them out one by

one. There were the families of Filth, Disease and Unhappiness, all terrible to look upon, and back of them were Mr. Pickle, Miss Doughnut and Miss Frying-pan. Then there were many others, like Mr. Common Colds, Mrs. Headache and Miss Rheumatism. Among these sour and scowling faces, Jack and Mary Ann saw Mr. Coffee-pot, black as ever, and Mrs. Teapot, who stamped her feet just as she had in their mother's kitchen. None of the Grimyjoes smiled or looked the least bit pleasant. When they growled many of them showed their dirty teeth. Jack and Mary Ann noticed that many of them were missing.

"I should think they would lose their teeth," thought Mary Ann, "if they never keep them clean."

The children noticed that most of the Grimyjoes had very crooked backs and nearly all of them growled and scowled.

"I hope we do beat them," said Jack as a big stone whistled past his ear.

The friendly fairies now began to fight. Just as Filth was about to hit Mary Ann over the head with a club, Sir Cleanliness lifted his gun, this time to kill. Bang! Filth fell to earth, bleeding. Jack watched Sir Sunshine fitting

the golden arrows to his bow. He was now taking a very long one. Ping! It found its way to some of the Disease family, who never spoke again.

Jack and Mary Ann could see that the friendly fairies were winning the fight. The Grimyjoes began to hide behind the trees. Soon Mr. Pickle ran out from behind a big rock with a white handkerchief tied to the end of a stick. In war a piece of white cloth means, "Let's stop fighting now for awhile and talk." Everything became very quiet. Nobody spoke. Nothing was heard but the leaves rustling in the wind. Finally Mr. Pickle moved forward. Slowly he came nearer until you could see his green eyes and rough skin. How peppery and sour he looked!

"We are tired of fighting," he said. "Let's have a tug of war to see who is the stronger. If you can pull us up to the top of the hill we will be beaten; but—if we pull you down—you will be beaten."

"All right. We agree," said Fairy Fresh Air.

So Daddy Exercise ran up the side of a tree to cut down a big grapevine which would do for a rope.

Then Jack and Mary Ann began to get in position on the end of the rope, but those horrid Grimyjoes did not wait for everybody to get ready, but tugged and yanked

till they had dragged the friendly fairies half-way down the hill. Jack hit his head on a tree and Mary Ann scratched her face and hands on some briars.

“Can’t we stop them?” groaned Jack.

“Oh, dear, I am afraid I must let go,” sobbed Mary Ann.

“Where is Daddy Exercise?” sighed Mr. Oatmeal. “He could help us.”

Just then there was a big shout from the top of the hill. It was Daddy Exercise. “Hold on!” he yelled. “I’m coming.” As quickly as you could wink your eye he was there. How red his face was and how his eyes sparkled! As soon as he began to pull, the children felt themselves slowing down.

“Now up the hill we go with the rascals,” cried Daddy Exercise.

Mr. Disease and his cousins and brothers gritted their teeth and growled. Mr. Coffee-pot groaned. Mr. Pickle was more sour than ever. Slowly up the hill the Grimyjoes were dragged.

“They will learn some day that we are their masters,” said Sir Sunshine.

Just before they reached the top of the hill, Daddy Exercise gave such a big, quick pull that the Grimyjoes suddenly let go. Jack and Mary Ann sat down on the ground in surprise. When they did get up and look down the hill, what a funny sight it was! Mr. Coffee-pot had his arms around Mrs. Teapot. They both looked very much frightened. "Rattle! Rattle! Rattle!" they cried as far as they could be seen. Mr. Frying-pan was screaming, "Clinkety! Clinkety! Clink!" Mr. Unhappiness was rolling over and over, yelling loudly, "Ough! Ough! O-u-g-h!" Sir Cleanliness fired his gun and Sir Sunshine shot his arrows until not a single Grimyjoe was to be seen.

"Hurrah! we won," shouted Daddy Exercise.

"I am so glad," smiled Mr. Happiness.

"Come, let us dance," said little Miss Helpfulness, and they did. Mary Ann's partner was Fairy Fresh Air and Jack danced with Miss Spinach.

So they danced and laughed and ate and sang until the big red sun began to dip below the pines.

"Isn't it time for Jack and Mary Ann to start for home?" asked Dame Sleep softly, touching the strings of her harp.

"Yes, Dame Sleep," answered the two children.

The friendly fairies then stood in a long row, and as Jack and Mary Ann went by they all shook their hands, and every fairy had something nice to say.

“We have had such a good time,” said Jack and Mary Ann. “We are going to know you better from now on.”

“Good-by. Keep away from the Grimyjoes,” sang the good fairies as they kissed their fingertips to the children who began to run down the hill. When they were half way down they turned to look back. There were the friendly fairies still dancing, and this is the song they were singing:

“We can beat the Grimyjoes!  
We stepped right on their toes!  
We made them fall and bump their nose!  
Death to the Grimyjoes!”



## The Playhouse in the Woods

**B**ACK of the house where Jack and Mary Ann lived there was a little path which ran down into the wood. There was the brook which sang all day long, and nearby the big pond where the frogs had their spring concerts. Some sang "*kerchog, kerchog*" with very hoarse voices, while others sang in soft, sweet tones. Near the pond the children built a playhouse of brush. You should have seen it. Inside were four old chairs brought down from the attic. Two were for visitors. An old box was used as a table. There was also a cunning stove made of brick. Hanging from the ceiling was a basket, and in it was one of the rosiest-cheeked dolls you ever saw. It was one Mary Ann's mother gave her for Christmas. Jack and his sister had great fun making the basket and fastening it to the roof with bits of bark. How Mary Ann loved to swing the basket and sing the dollie to sleep!

Several days after the party on Green Hill, Jack and Mary Ann were busy in their playhouse. Mary Ann was washing the doll's clothes so that they might be just as white as those of Sir Cleanliness. Jack was making a toy boat.

“Jack,” asked Mary Ann, “how would you like to be a Grimyjoe?”

“I wouldn’t like it,” he said. “Their faces, hands, and teeth are too dirty and their fingernails are too long and black. Ugh!” Jack looked at his face in the mirror. It was very clean for he had just washed it in the clear sparkling water of the brook.

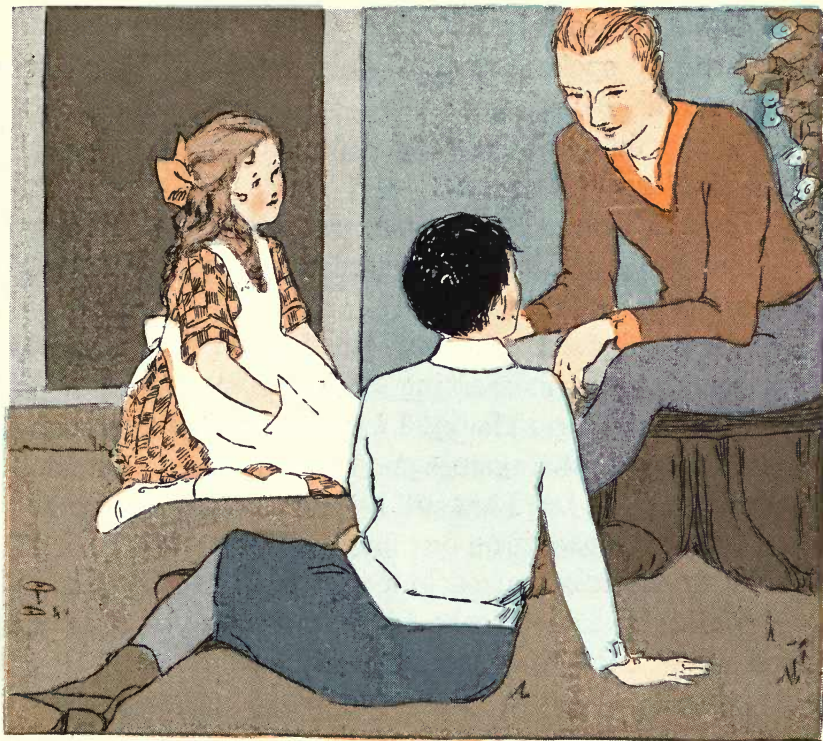
“Of course, we both like the friendly fairies best,” said Mary Ann. “Which is your favorite?”

“I like them all,” replied Jack, “but I think Daddy Exercise is splendid. He stands so straight and he is so strong. Think what he did for us in the fight with the Grimyjoes.” He sighed. “If I were only as strong as he is I should do much better in our school races. Did you see him hit that ball? It went away above the clouds and never came back again. If I could be half as strong as Daddy Exercise I should be the happiest boy in the whole world. Your favorite is Fairy Fresh Air, isn’t it?”

Before Mary Ann could answer there was a rustle in the leaves outside, and somebody began to whistle the tune they had heard up on Green Hill.

“We can beat the Grimyjoes!  
We stepped right on their toes!  
We made them fall and bump their nose!  
Death to the Grimyjoes!”





*"To be big and strong you must  
first of all weigh enough."*



“Come in,” said Jack.

“I can’t,” spoke a cheerful voice outside. “Your house is too small. I can’t get in.”

“Oh,” said Jack, peeking out through the door, “it looks like Daddy Exercise.”

“So it is,” said the big man, shaking him by the hand.

“I’m sorry our house is so small that you can’t sit in here and visit with us.”

“Never mind. I will sit on this stump. But you don’t look very happy this morning. What is the matter?”

“The truth is,” said Jack, “I want to be able to keep up with the other boys in their games and races at school. I am doing better than I did, but I am still behind most of the boys. I want to be strong and run fast like you. How can I do it?”

Daddy Exercise looked him over from head to toe.

“Well,” he said, “to be big and strong you must first of all weigh enough. How old are you?”

“Nine.”

“How tall are you?” Jack didn’t know.

“How much do you weigh?” Jack again did not know.

Daddy Exercise took a pencil out of his pocket and asked Jack to stand up in the doorway. He then made a mark on a level with Jack’s head.

“My pocket rule says that you are fifty inches high.” He thought a moment. “You ought to weigh sixty pounds.

Go down to Mr. Griggs' grocery store and get weighed. If you don't weigh what you should you need to listen carefully to what all the friendly fairies have to say. Become a close friend of Fairy Fresh Air, Mr. Oatmeal, Miss Spinach and the others. Run and walk a good deal in the open air every day. When you do this you will weigh what you ought to and you will not be last in the games and races."

"Please, Daddy Exercise," said Mary Ann, "I want to be strong, too, and have red cheeks. What can I do more than I am doing?" Daddy Exercise asked her the same questions he had asked Jack. Mary Ann was measured, too.

"A girl seven years old as tall as you ought to weigh forty-seven pounds. You are a good friend of Fairy Fresh Air. That is fine, but there are other friendly fairies you probably need to know much better."

"I will try hard," said Mary Ann.

"Good-by," said Daddy Exercise. "I must go to dinner. I will hear from you later, and he went down the path singing:

"We can beat the Grimyjoes!  
We stepped right on their toes!  
We made them fall and bump their nose!  
Death to the Grimyjoes!"

"Come again," said Jack and Mary Ann, waving their handkerchiefs.

That noon at the dinner table Mary Ann said, "Please, mother, I would like another glass of milk."

"And so would I, and some more spinach, too," said Jack.

"I am glad to see you drink so much milk and eat so many green vegetables. They will make you strong and healthy."

"Yes, that's the way to beat the Grimyjoes," added Mary.

"Who are they?"

"Don't you know who the Grimyjoes are? Why, they are the ugly little people with dirty hands and faces, long black fingernails and humped backs. They hurt little children and keep them from getting strong and healthy."

"I never heard their names before," said their father, "but I am sure cleanliness, oatmeal, milk, spinach, fruit, fresh air and vegetables are good friends who will help you along in play and work."

If you had been down to the playhouse one afternoon a few weeks later you would have seen Jack and Mary Ann looking at some pieces of birch bark on the wall.

Jack's looked like this:      Mary's looked like this:

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Both Jack and Mary Ann had thoughtful faces.

“Oh, dear,” said Mary Ann, “I have lost two pounds. I did so want to weigh as much as Daddy Exercise thinks I should.”

“And I have lost, too,” said Jack. “It’s queer we should both lose at the same time. Why did it happen? Have we been true to all our friends? Let us think. We have welcomed Fairy Fresh Air, Mr. Oatmeal—and—and—Yes—I think I know what the trouble is.”

“What?”

“Well, you know that for the last few weeks after we went to bed we turned our lights on again and looked at picture-books and read stories a long time. We have been slow to make good friends with Dame Sleep.”

“I guess you must be right,” said Mary Ann. “We must not do it again. That is not the way to beat the Grimyjoes. When I go to bed to-night I am going to sing a song to Dame Sleep. This is what I am going to sing:

“Dame Sleep, with your harp  
That so gaily sings,  
Oh, waft me away  
On drowsy wings.”

## The Picnic and the Fairies' Gifts

**I**T was the last day of school. A big American flag waved from the top of the school-house. The village band was playing gaily as it marched down the street. Mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, aunts and uncles were coming with big baskets of "goodies" for the school picnic.

At half-past ten the sports and games were to begin. The little children played "Ring-around-a-rosy," "London Bridge is falling down" and many other games which all little children love. The older children played baseball, croquet and tennis. How eagerly everybody waited for the boys' races! The boys in every grade were to race. At last the boys in the third grade, Jack's grade, began to get ready.

"Now," said Jack to Mary Ann, "I ought to win. I weigh sixty-three pounds, and I have tried to do everything the friendly fairies would have me do. I feel very strong. I am sure I won't be last, for I have been doing better every week."

"I hope you will be first," said Mary Ann. "I am glad, too, that I weigh as much as Daddy Exercise thinks I should."

The boys of the third grade now had their toes on a long mark scratched on the ground.

“Get ready! Go!” said the teacher. Off they went like the wind. They were now half way across the field. Jack was third. James Smith and Anson Gray were ahead.

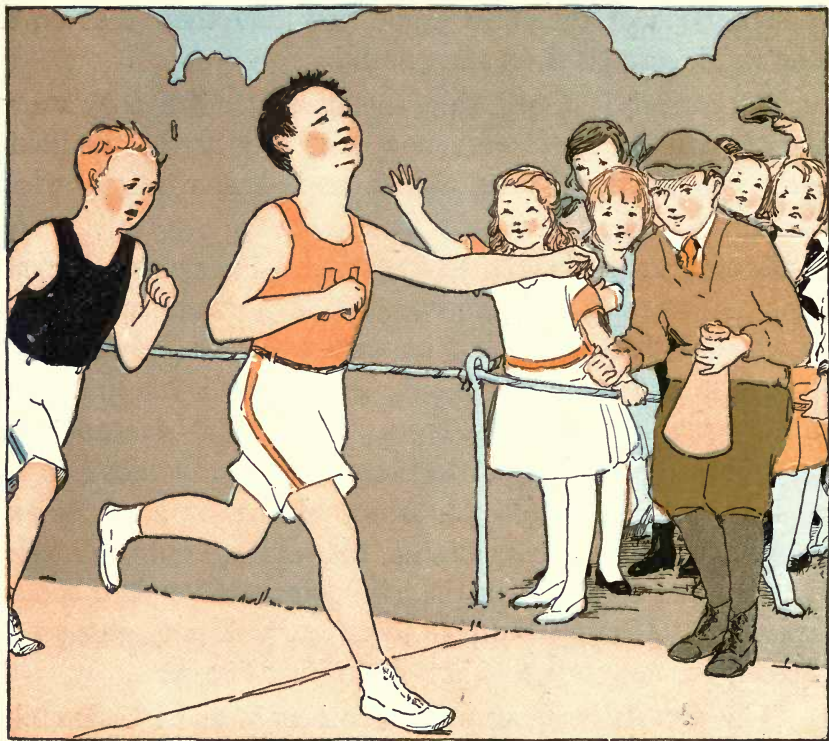
Slowly, very slowly, Jack gained. He passed James. Now he was even with Anson. His face was very red and he was breathing hard, but he went over the line—first!

“Jack is first; Anson Gray, second; and James Smith third,” sang out Dick Brown through his megaphone. Just then the band began to play “Yankee Doodle.”

I can't begin to tell you about the many good things everybody had to eat for dinner, nor much about the music and speeches they had in the afternoon. Mary Ann spoke a piece on “*How to Beat the Grimyjoes.*” If you are a good guesser you may guess what she said. Try it!

How proud the fathers and mothers were of their children! How proud Jack's father was of him! “I knew you would do well, my boy,” he said. “If you keep on trying, perhaps when you go to college you may be catcher on the baseball team like your father.”

There is just one thing more I must tell you about before our story closes.



*Jack went over the line - first.*





That night Jack and Mary Ann were tired and soon fell fast asleep, but Mary Ann awoke in the night with a start. The moonlight was streaming in through the open windows and the leaves were gently stirring. Mary Ann thought she heard voices.

“Jack! Oh, Jack!” she whispered, “Wake up!”

“I am awake,” came the answer, and then Mary Ann saw Jack in the next room sitting up in bed, looking through the open window.

Somebody was chatting and laughing. Mary Ann thought she had heard some of those voices before. Who could that be skipping across the piazza? In a moment she knew, for she heard the soft, sweet voice of Fairy Fresh Air.

“I suppose you know,” she was saying, “why I asked you to come here to-night.”

“I think I do,” said another voice that sounded like that of Sir Sunshine.

“I don’t,” said another, whom Jack knew to be Mr. Milk-bottle, “but I feel sure it has something to do with Jack and Mary Ann. Didn’t Jack do well this afternoon? He won the race.”

Here Mr. Milk-bottle strutted up and down the piazza. “If it hadn’t been for me he wouldn’t have won.”

“I am not so sure of that,” said Mr. Oatmeal. “Nor

I," "Nor I," chimed in Miss Spinach and Daddy Exercise and Grandma Washcloth.

"Now, children," said Fairy Fresh Air, "we must not quarrel. Look at Mary Ann's cheeks. They are as pink as mine, but I wasn't the only one to help her get them. We all helped."

"You are right! You are right, as usual!" they all cried out so loudly that Mary Ann was afraid the noise would wake up her father and mother.

"These children have done so well," went on Fairy Fresh Air, "and have been so nice to all of us that I think we ought to invite them into our club. Let us crown them and give each of them a new name."

"Splendid, splendid," said Sir Cleanliness.

"I think they are awake now," said Fairy Fresh Air, looking through the window into the bedroom.

"Come to the window, Mary Ann, if you please." Then the fairy put on her head a beautiful wreath of daisies. All the other friendly fairies that Mary Ann had grown to know and love looked on.

"Mary Ann, we would like to have you join the Club of the Friendly Fairies. Will you?"

"Yes. Oh, yes!"

"Then we shall no longer call you Mary Ann. Your name is Rosy Cheeks."

“Come, Jack,” said Daddy Exercise, and he put another wreath on Jack’s head. “Would you like to come into the club?”

“Yes, gladly, if you are in it.”

Daddy Exercise smiled and patted him on the head. “After this we shall call you Strong Heart because you just would win.”

“Thank you so much,” said Jack and Mary Ann, bowing very low.

“Good-by,” whispered Dame Sleep, striking the strings of her harp. “Good-by,” said jolly Mr. Happiness.

Then the friendly fairies danced away in the moonlight across the flowers where the moonbeams played and the fountain splashed. What was the song they were singing? Jack and Mary Ann went back to their beds to sleep and dream, but the echo of that song kept coming back across the garden and over the church tower where the friendly fairies played:

“Come, join the friendly fairies	“We love the world of beauty,
And dance and laugh and run.	The trees, the birds, the flowers,
Let’s sing a song of gladness,	The morning light, the robin’s song,
Of health and strength and fun.	The wind and summer showers.

“Come, be one of us. Be jolly!  
And laugh and skip. Ho! Ho!  
We’re off for the land of sunshine,  
We are so happy, Oh!”



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